

Useful
Hints

Woman and Home

Ethical
Talks

The Morning Story

SUZETTE'S SOLUTION.
By Ina Wright Hanson.

It was only a few minutes until train time and the woman who, all the morning, had been wandering restlessly about the house, forced her reluctant consciousness to the realization of the fact that soon—very soon—Suzette would be here. Suzette, after her four years at an Eastern college, was coming home. And what was she, Helena Crosby, going to say to the girl? It was in answer to Helena's own urgent appeal that the girl was coming; that and Sanford's letter. Despite the warmth of the sweet June day, Helena shivered. What was she to say? Sanford's letter spoke for itself. In clear, unmistakable terms it begged Suzette to give up that long dreamed of year in Europe, and come back and marry him. His anxiously awaited promotion had arrived; he was at last in a position to ask the fulfillment of their boy and girl pledge. Helena knew well enough what the letter contained. Had she not practically dictated the substance of it?

And Suzette only answer had been a noncommittal telegram. "Starting for home to-day."

Did she mean to marry Robert or did she not? That was the question which over and over again rose forcibly to the sister's mind. Since Suzette was 18 and Robert 23, the two had been engaged—or, rather, there had been an understanding between them. Then Suzette had gone to college and Robert had followed his regiment to the Philippines.

Had the trouble begun, then, wondered Helena daily, when a triangular chain of correspondence linked the three? Or was it not until Sanford had come to Helena's door, and the absent Suzette, then to argue and tease about her own concerns, and lastly to discuss that never tiring topic for conversation to a man—himself? Helena could not tell. But lightly, unthinkingly, she had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

Sanford, manlike, had wanted to admit the truth and face the consequences. But Helena, her heart a very turmoil of conflicting emotions, would not listen. She, who, although only a year and half the older, had been always mother, nurse, everything to the cherished little sister—she to be the one to destroy that sister's happiness, break forever her faith in human-kind?

"Impossible," cried Helena, her gray eyes dark with anguish, at the thought that determination she could not be shaken, despite Robert's most impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot hurt Suzette," he was unswerving. And lightly, unthinkingly, she had drifted along until all unwittingly a sudden shock laid bare the truth to lover and sister that a new feeling, stronger, deeper, had taken the place of that childish affection.

And so it was that Helena Crosby could see nothing fair nor lovely in the clear, warm sunshine, the rustling, bird-filled trees. When would Suzette come? And when would she tell her?

This was all her tired brain would carry.

There was a crisp footfall in the street, a sharp tinkle of the bell. Then the sound of Suzette's voice in a low interchange of words; a retreating, heavier footstep. The next moment the girl had sprung into the room. Her arms closed about Helena.

"Why, Helena, dear," as her quick eye noted the sign of suffering in the elder's face, Helena tried to smile.

"It is nothing, sweetheart," she answered. "Only a touch of headache."

Falling back on woman's never-failing excuse, "Oh, Suzette, how glad I am to see you."

Suzette laughed, hugging her close. The girl's cheeks were flushed to a vivid pink, her blue eyes, her plump little mouth, her wavy soft brown hair all seemed alive, a quiver with youth and joyousness. A breath from the brilliant, blossomy outer world seemed to have strayed in with her. A sob rose in Helena's throat. How soon, ah, how soon would Robert forget!

"Tell me what it all means," she demanded practically. "Why is Robert in such a hurry all at once? He seems to have existed without me hitherto. I feel as if I have been a little thing, a 'what's it to me' kind of creature."

"His promotion," stammered Helena. "As going to be even harder than she had feared. It is to give up Robert to an invisible, intangible little sister, had been difficult enough, the renouncing of him to this radiant, splendid young creature—this—she thinks best," she faltered.

"He thinks I will go with him to the Philippines," put in Suzette keenly. "It was a tremendous protest in every line of the pretty face. Helena flushed.

"Why, surely, dear, as his wife," she began. But Suzette interrupted. "Not I!" she declared decisively. "No heaven lands for me. It's absurd."

"Absurd," echoed Helena. "But Suzette, dear—if you love him, surely you love him," she insisted strenuously. Suzette's chin tilted resolutely.

"Do I?" she said. "Not enough for that. Anyways, after all, I haven't seen Robert in ages and we were only babies when—when we were so foolish," her own wildness that deepening. "He is unreasonable. How do I know whether I love him?"

"But you don't," broke in Helena passionately. "Of course you do, you always have, dearest. And he loves you, bravely."

"Oh, dearest," was the dubious response. "Well, perhaps. But I listen, Helena," her voice sharpening suddenly. "You—you remember Mr. Williams? I've written about him."

"Yes," answered Helena, surprised. The little face was hidden now on her shoulder.

"Well—well—," came a muffled sound. "He has always known of my engagement to Robert—so, when I told him that I was coming home, he wouldn't let me come alone. He is older than I, a good deal, and he is old-fashioned. He cares for me very dearly, though. He wants to take me abroad, to let me study."

A sudden blind resentment surged through Helena.

"But—but Robert," she urged vehemently. "He cares for you, too, you offer—He has not so much to offer—an unreasoning loyalty to the absent soldier sweeping her along, she—she," stammering as she remembered.

A warm little arm crept about her neck.

"But you will help me," begged the voice. "You—you will tell him. Tell him what?" uttered Helena sharply. There was fear, almost terror in the cry.

"That—that I am married," said Suzette.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE CHAPEAU

Very Chic Model



The small hats are holding sway at present, but it is safe to predict a growing fancy for the large hat; the hat of flowers, ribbons, silks and velvet streamers. One model that was particularly chic, was a very large flat shape of blue straw, simply trimmed with two large roses.

ette distinctly. "Frederick would not take the risk of losing me. And—and he was married in Denver. He brought me here. He is coming back in an hour. You—you are not angry?" wistfully.

"Married?" gasped Helena. For a moment she remained quite still, seeking to absorb the reality of the wonderful fact. "You—married?"

"Yes," said Suzette meekly. "And—and you are happy?" her first thought, as ever for Suzette.

"Yes," said Suzette, a sparkle of laughter breaking forth.

"And—and Robert?"

"Robert I leave to you," said Suzette. "You must explain."

But Helena, comprehending at last, sprang toward the telephone. As she watched the girl's face changed, a new and wholly sweet expression crept across the mobile features, revealing untroubled depths.

"And did you think that I could not understand?" she breathed, a tender remembrance shadowing the blue eyes. Did you think I could not guess the truth of all this? My dearest sister, I leave Robert to you."

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Tonsorial Products

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

(Copyright, 1915, by Lillian Russell.)

A percentage of society girls have resorted to the tonsorial art, if it may be so called, to fit themselves to wear the hats which expose the arm pits.

This may be surprising, and even shocking, to their mothers, and even school folk, but it is a fact. Whether or not it is necessary for the girls to wear such waists remains for the girls and their guardians to determine. If these days show a tendency to make almost any sacrifice to be in style.

I imagine a great many mothers blush when they note the extremely low cut waists their daughters are wearing. The blush is probably of a deeper hue when they learn to what inconvenience the girls put themselves to wear such waists.

Just how their fathers feel I would not venture to guess.

On many occasions waists have been cut extremely low in the back and in the front, but there has always been a tendency to cover the arm pits. With the removal of all protection, or all but the flimsy covering of some transparent material, the razor has been brought into use to free the skin of all traces of hair.

I imagine that some of the girls who have resorted to this measure to get rid of the hair will regret their action. Cutting the hair encourages growth and strength. Also when the hair begins to grow and shaving is abandoned, as styles are changed, it will be extremely irritating.

Girls should think seriously before they apply the razor for this purpose. If they finally decide to use it they should do so with the greatest care. It is a dangerous instrument in the hands of an amateur, and even men of experience are quick to drop the naked blade for a safety device. They know how a rash suffering careless shaving can cause.

Every man fully understands what the wrong sort of soap will do to the skin. They are all duly conversant with the distress resulting from the ingrown hair which is caused by close shaving.

I have an idea that many who contemplate resorting to a tonsorial undertaking in order that they may wear waists which are cut so low that they expose the arm pits will decide not to do so if they first consult their husbands, fathers or brothers, who have to use a razor every day.

Remember! The girls who are resorting to such extreme measures to fit themselves to wear low cut waists cannot place much confidence in the modesty which is usually considered one of the most beautiful of girlish characteristics.

Lillian Russell's Answers.

Frances—If you will observe carefully you will note that a singer never has round shoulders or hollow shoulder blades. This is due to proper breathing. It is necessary to breathe deeply and to hold the breath in for several seconds before expelling the air. A deep breath held for eight seconds expands the back muscles below the lungs, giving strength and beauty to the back and shoulders.

Anxious—Often a shiny nose is caused from failure to thoroughly remove the soap from the skin. After soap has been used the face should be rinsed with warm water until not a trace of soap remains. Soap makes the face shine and greasy will not cling to a soapy surface, so be careful in rinsing your face and you will not have any difficulty in keeping powder on your nose. I consider a good grade of rice powder best for the face.

A Reader—I am sorry, but I cannot give you a remedy for eczema. It requires the attention of a physician, and I suggest your consulting one as soon as possible.

Bessie—You would not have to wash your hair so often. If you would make yourself a pretty little dusting cap to wear when you are sweeping.

and dusting. It is always hard to arrange dusty hair, and the dust is liable to impede the growth of the hair by settling on the scalp and in the roots.

Stella—Of course, there is nothing you can do to make yourself stop growing. It is against all laws of nature. Five feet six inches is not too tall for a girl of eighteen. You are still at the growing age, and it is altogether likely that you will keep on growing until you are twenty.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks
Anemic Obesity and Nourishment.

The diet given for this plethoric fat person in a recent talk was purposely designed to restrict the quantity of nutriment to the minimum necessary for the average adult. But the anemic fat person requires liberal feeding to maintain the general strength.

In anemic obesity there is an excess of water in the body, and often a tendency to dropical swellings. It is, therefore, a good plan to restrict the total daily amount of water in the food to a minimum consistent with good metabolism. The less nitrogenous food, animal or vegetable protein, in the diet the less water is necessary for complete elimination of the products of nitrogen metabolism or oxidation. Often a consumption of more than a quart of water each day will reduce weight remarkably and improve the general strength at the same time.

Must Eat Nutritious Food.

The anemic fat person should eat a reasonably nutritious ration, including meat, eggs, cheese, bread, rice, peas and beans. He or she should reduce the quantity of water, sugar, fruit, green

AMUSEMENTS

Don't Miss Baldpate!

Earl Derr Biggers, who wrote an unusual story and named it mysteriously "Seven Keys to Baldpate," gave George M. Cohan an opportunity to fashion from a mélange of mystery, melodrama and much good wit, a play which is unlike anything ever associated with Cohan. It is a story which one may reasonably expect of a new play, and in two acts, a prologue and an epilogue.

It took a little time for the audience at the Academy of Music, last night, to warm to a story which opened deliberately and with little action in a deserted summer hotel, on the top of a mountain, in midwinter. But the complications came soon, and the mystery farce that entertained New York for a long season repeated in Richmond with interest.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is worth watching an evening for. It is a play which claims to be the "unique" here is an uncanny air of mystery that lasts until the fall of the curtain—mystery that is free from horror, broadly caricatured mystery that hovers always on the borderland of comedy. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will have another performance to-night. Don't miss it.

Baldpate is the name of an inn on the top of a mountain. The owner of Baldpate was a novelist of the modern school who wrote a novel which sold \$5,000 that he cannot write a 10,000-word novel in twenty-four hours. The novelist takes the bet, stipulating only that he be furnished with a quiet place in which to work.

The quietest place under heaven is a summer hotel in the dead of winter, and the owner of Baldpate provides the novelist with an order on the caretaker, who is directed to put him up at the deserted hostelry and turn over the key to Baldpate—according to the old caretaker, the only key to Baldpate in existence.

But there groves to be other keys to Baldpate—seven of them. In fact, just when the novelist has buckled down to the task of grinding out a six-best-seller in twenty-four hours, the holders of said seven keys begin to let themselves in unceremoniously. Each enters the supposedly deserted building confident that he or she possesses the only key to Baldpate.

Then there is unfolded a broadly burlesqued crook play, in which there figures a street car magnate, who sends his man with \$200,000 a bribe a crooked Mayor into signing over a franchise grab, a girl reporter, who is "on" to the story, and trails in to get a beat for her paper; a woman blackmailer, who gets shot in the last act—which, by the way, is a bad place to get shot; a widow in love with the crooked Mayor, and a hermit who has taken to the wild places because he was disappointed in love.

And when the climax comes, and the bewildered novelist has become hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the

Schwartzschild Brothers.

Bridal Gifts
De Luxe

Apart from the necessary Spoons, Knives and Forks or other table appointments which are so appropriate for

Wedding Gift Selection

no other articles have so important a place at the bride's table as

TEA SERVICES, SILVER TRAYS, CANDLESTICKS, FLOWER VASES.

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Second and Broad Streets.

Spring Clearance Sale
Oriental Rugs
and Carpets

We must close out our entire stock at once. Real Rugs, Madera Embroideries and French Novelties.

DIBBS LACE SHOP
Room 5, Jefferson Hotel.

vegetables and cereals to the minimum. It is better to eat light meals and tide over with such things as hot bouillon or a glass of milk, or a sandwich of scraped beef or chicken between meals when very hungry.

Of course, the anemic fat person should have medical advice about the blood. And it is necessary to make sure that the heart is sound before undertaking any strenuous gymnastics or restrictions of diet.

Questions and Answers.

A Request Program—From time to time we will endeavor to talk about subjects which our readers may be particularly interested in. Requests coming anonymously, however, will not interest us. And it is necessary to remember that the choice of subjects for these talks must be determined by two things: (a) suitability for discussion in a newspaper; (b) adaptability of the subject to a very limited space. Now, come on with the requests.

Spare Room Hygiene—Is it more sanitary to sleep in a room exclusively for guests or in a room vacated by its regular occupant to accommodate a visitor?

Reply—We should prefer the spare room.

Sarsaparilla Funcombe—Will you kindly explain what medicinal effects one can expect from sarsaparilla, and whether it removes humors from the system and purifies the blood?

Reply—It is a purgative, that is all. It has no more effect upon the blood than vanilla, strawberry or peppermint. Anything which is said to "purify" the blood is a home remedy or a "booster" line, should be taken with plenty of fresh air and good hygiene. If at all.

Discredited Cancer "Cure"—Some time ago I saw a circular describing the Dr. Rye Combination Oil Treatment for cancer. Will you please tell me how this treatment can be obtained?

Reply—"The government" issued a fraud order against this "treatment," and you are fortunately unable to contribute your mite.

Measles "Setting In"—I have always understood that a case of measles must be kept very warm and given only warm drinks, for fear of the rash setting in. Is this the correct treatment?

Reply—Keep the patient comfortable, not warmer than any ill person. Give all the cold water the patient wants. The rash never "sets in." An idea comes from the fact that measles, like pneumonia, develops, like pneumonia, less pronounced, as a result of the withdrawal of blood from the skin.

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crook-plot, the owner of Baldpate appears on the scene. At his entrance the persons step out of their characters and laugh boisterously at the novelist, while the owner of Baldpate explains that the whole night of mystery's des a trick of his, arranged at short notice with a stock company playing a nearby town, in order to give his friend novelist a fright. The curtain falls, only to rise again a minute later on the deserted lobby of the hotel. The click of a busy typewriter is heard upstairs. In a minute the novelist appears with a bulky manuscript. The clock strikes the midnight hour. He has finished his novel and won his bet. The crooked story just enacted is what he wrote.

William Wagner, as the novelist, gave a satisfying performance in a part which kept him all the time in the center of the happenings. As Mary Reardon, the reporter, with whom the novelist falls in love at first sight, Blanche Brin did about everything a woman reporter would not do and "not away with it" in good fashion. Chauncey Chausland, as Peter, the hermit of Baldpate, gave the character a deliciously whimsical interpretation—in some respects the cleverest piece of acting in the whole play.

The rest of honors went to Harry Maitland, as the crooked mayor of Reuton; Albert Watterson, as the mayor's man Friday, who gave a genuinely good study of the moral coward struck with terror at his murder of the woman with whom he once consorted; and Daniel A. Anderson, as Jiggs Kennedy, a police chief who actually gave the impression of being a police officer and not a deck steward.

Delight Comedy at Bijou.

Seldom has a stock company given a more faultless production than that presented last night by Grace Scott and her associates at the Bijou. The play was the enjoyable comedy, "Sauce for the Gander," and a happier selection for a spring night could not have been made.

How a wife got even with a neglectful husband is logically told in a clean, wholesome manner. Miss Scott, of course, is the wife, and the only realistic thing about the whole was how the husband, portrayed by Mr. Warner, could ever have neglected the wife, a piece of femininity. He did, however, and on that hangs the tale.

It was a wife very much in love with her husband, who, she knew still loved her, who carried the burden of the show. The wife put up with hubby's infatuation for a charming widow upon whom he depended for help in writing a novel, but when he forgot the wedding anniversary, she set out to prove the old adage. By arousing his dormant jealousy she accomplished her purpose, and incidentally proved that the gender of the bird does not determine the reliability of the tale.

The play is in three acts with two settings, and Mr. Berthelet outdid himself in the settings. Both scenes were extremely true to life, with not a detail missing. One of the features of the whole was the wonderful profusion of flowers, doubtless the tribute of admiring friends of the company.

While Miss Scott and Mr. Warner carried the burden of the play, Mr. Bassett, as the foil, and Miss Crawford, the widow, both had long and important parts which they brought out nicely. Mr. Riddell was his usual funny self as the butler, and Mr. Curtis made a distinct hit as the Japanese waiter. Miss Chesmond and Miss Hall completed the cast very acceptably.

To-day will be souvenir day, all patrons of the matinee being presented with a photograph of Mr. Warner. On Saturday afternoon a likeness of Mr. Scott will be presented to her many admirers.

Kirksmiths Head Lyric Bill.

The Six Kirksmith Sisters, last on the bill rendered yesterday afternoon in the Lyric Theater, gave a delightful variation from the usual run in vaudeville houses, and it would be well to mention them in the caption of any notice given to the show as a whole. They played well in their offering to the masses, and one of them had an excellent voice, strong enough to outshine the blare of the orchestra and the instruments of her five sisters. Two of them play the violin, one a saxophone, one a trombone, one a cornet, and the sixth accompanies on the piano. They are going down in the orchestra as conductors. And it should be said of them that all are

pretty with the pretty freshness of youth, and their charms are enhanced by their gowns.

The audience was pleased with the whole show, from overture to finale. First appeared the Lamplins in comedy magic, the so-called assistant being rather the better of the two, both as a comedy juggler and a real contortionist.

Al Abbott, singing comedian, gave something new in dialect songs and comedies. Kahner and Brown, dancers and comedians, lent further variety in a rather well-finished act, and Jennings and Evers, blackface comedians, were a little different from most of their tribe, and were well received.

The whole bill is good.

Fine Picture at Strand.

Theodore Hart Sayre's stirring military romance, "The Commanding Officer," pictured with Alice Doney as the star, attracted crowds yesterday to the Strand, where it will be seen again to-day and to-morrow. With the interest centering about the beautiful young wife of the commanding officer, accused of an act of which she is guiltless, the development of the plot is consistent, logical and intensely absorbing. Alice Doney plays the difficult role of the wife with much sympathy and appeal. Produced in California, "The Commanding Officer" is further enriched by sweeping and noble backgrounds, which are both beautiful themselves and particularly appropriate to the action of the play.

Pretty Romance at Colonial.

In "The Arrival of Perpetua," the World Film Corporation's photoplay shown at the Colonial yesterday, which will be the attraction at that theater again to-day, Vivian Martin gives the most charming performance of her career as a screen star up to this time. This extremely popular young actress will be remembered as the star in "The Wishing Ring" and, afterwards, with Lew Fields in "Old Dutch," but in neither of these photoplays had she the opportunity provided her in "The Arrival of Perpetua." As an added attraction, the Colonial offers again to-day the famous comedian, Tom Wise, in a whimsical one-reel film, entitled "The Magic Bottle."

It is not definitely known yet whether he will accept the call.

Former Senator Montague Here.

Former Senator Samuel Tilden Montague, postmaster of Portsmouth, was among the callers at the office of Governor Stuart yesterday. Mr. Montague resigned his seat in the Senate last year to accept the appointment to the postmastership. He assumed his duties as postmaster in January.

The former Senator is a warm, personal friend of the Governor. He was greatly disappointed when informed by Secretary Forward that Governor Stuart is not expected to return from Pike Garden, his Russell County home, for several days.

Called to St. James Church.

Invitation Extended to Rev. J. Freeland Peter, of Wheeling, W. Va.

It was confirmed last night that the Rev. J. Freeland Peter, at one time assistant to Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D. D., rector of Epiphany Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., and now of Wheeling, W. Va., has been extended a call to St. James Episcopal Church, this city, to succeed Rev. Thomas C. Darst, D. D., recently elected Bishop of Eastern Carolina.

It is not definitely known yet